Mrs. Jones. "AND PRAY, MR. JONES, WHAT IS THE MATTER NOW?"
Jones. "I WAS ONLY WONDERING, MY DEAR, WHERE YOU MIGHT HAVE BOUGHT THIS FISH."
Mrs. Jones. "AT THE FISHMONGER'S. WHERE DO YOU SUPPOSE I BOUGHT IT?"
Jones. "WELL, I THOUGHT THAT, *PERHAPS*, THERE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A REMNANT SALE AT THE ROYAL AQUARIUM!"

A FAREWELL VISIT.

SCENE—*Burlington House, after the closing of the Vandyck Exhibition, Saturday, March* 10. Sir ANTHONY VANDYCK *and* Queen HENRIETTA MARIA, *who have been received by Mr. Punch. The Galleries are marvellously illuminated between the hours of midnight and cockcrow.*

Sir Anthony (looking round him). I trust your Majesty has been pleased with the collection?

Queen Henrietta Maria. Vastly so, Sir ANTHONY. At least eight pictures are of particular interest. I allude to the numbers 9, 12, 20, 39, 50, 57, 76, and 126. They seem to me charming.

Mr. Punch. Perfect. I see, Madam, you have named the numbers attached to your Majesty's own portraits. They are admirable; and, indeed, it seems to have been a motto of Sir ANTHONY'S, "When in doubt—Happy Thought—paint one or other of Their Gracious and Graceful Majesties."

[*Bows to* Sir ANTHONY, *who returns it in most courtly style.*

Queen H. M. Ah! I remember! No. 9 with the jewels, and No. 12 with that fire-eating dwarf, Sir GEOFFREY, by my side. Ah! (*Sadly.*) How I recall them all! Poor CHARLES! [*A pause.*

Mr. Punch. Sir ANTHONY was great at silks and satins, and as to crowns——

Sir Anthony. Your Majesty will excuse me, but the hour is late, the show is over, and I have a pressing engagement. Have I your Majesty's permission?

Queen H. M. Certainly, Sir ANTHONY.

[Sir ANTHONY *kneels, kisses the royal hand, shakes Mr. Punch's heartily, and withdraws.*

Queen H. M. Ah! a great pity! He was always extravagant, and, as I am informed, far happier *away* from Court than *at* it. What say you, *Mr. Punch?*

Mr. Punch. Most gracious and majestic Shade, Sir ANTHONY was as fortunate as he was talented. Your royal CHARLES, his friend and patron, stood by him, and both of you sat to him as often as possible. Your Majesty, with true feminine insight, has noticed that Sir ANTHONY was but now eager to leave the Royal presence? (*The Queen gives her royal assent with a bow.*) And why? The secret is revealed in this collection, where, excellent as are all the pictures, there is just one portrait into which the painter has thrown his whole heart and soul, and wherein is reflected, as in a mirror, the genuine Bohemianism of his artistic character. Oblige me, your Majesty, by inspecting No. 122, a portrait of Monsieur FRANÇOIS LANGLOIS called DE CHARTRES, being a native of that city. Here VANDYCK gives us of his best. And who was Monsieur LANGLOIS *dit* "DE CHARTRES"? Why, your Majesty, he was a bookseller and publisher, and not only was he fond of art, but he was also a skilled musician; and on him his great friend and boon companion, the "painter-fellow" TONY (with your Majesty's permission we will drop the "Sir,") has bestowed immortality. Bless him! FRANÇOIS wears neither brocades, nor sharp pointed lace, nor starched wristbands fresh from the laundress, but attired in an easy lounging coat, worn in a *dégagé* manner (it may be "fancy costume," but I doubt it, at all events 'tis a costume that both he and the painter fancy), he plays a lilt on the pipes, humming the tune smilingly while VAN catches the melody with his ear, and his friend's likeness with his eye. Isn't this Bagpiping Bookseller a jolly dog? His portrait was a labour of love to VANDYCK, and I have no doubt was knocked off by VAN when staying with his old chum FRANÇOIS in "gay Paree." That together these jovial companions had "painted the town red" is symbolically expressed in the colour of the coat. Yes, here——

Queen H. M. (interrupting). M. Punch, je suis de votre avis. "But soft," as your SHAKSPEARE has it,

"Methinks I scent the morning air."

[*Vanishes.*

Mr. Punch. Farewell, your Majesty. (*To the portraits generally.*) Ladies and gentlemen, the exodus from your Winter quarters has commenced, and in another six weeks or so your places will be filled, I trust worthily, by our modern Sir ANTHONYS, PETER PAULS, and others of various schools of art. And so, for the present, adieu! [*Retires gracefully.*

ERRONEOUS PROVERBIAL SAYING.—"Who breaks pays." Evidently a mistake. A man "breaks" because he *can't* pay.

Elder Sister. "YOU DON'T SEEM TO BE DOING ANYTHING, MABEL. COME OUT FOR A WALK."

Mabel. "THANKS; BUT I DON'T THINK WE OUGHT BOTH TO BE OUT TOGETHER. IF ANY ONE SHOULD CALL ON MOTHER, I THINK THERE SHOULD BE *ONE* DAUGHTER AT HOME!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

HAVE you tasted the *Waters of Edera?* They are not strong waters, but very pleasant to the palate athirst for romance. The *Waters of Edera* have been bottled off by OUIDA, and presented to the public through her agent for the supply, the piscatorially-named publisher, FISHER UNWIN, who, the Baron trusts, will have a profitable catch in these same *Waters of Edera*. It is an interesting tale of Italian peasantry told in OUIDA'S best and most picturesque style, only marred here and there by perfectly unnecessary Zolaesque details. The character of *Don Silverio*, the parish priest, gifted scholar, pious and paternal, unflinching in his duty, is admirably drawn, as also are those of the wilful young peasant, *Adone*, and the devoted girl, *Nerina*. The sketches of the Italian officials are, probably, from life, the Syndic being a superior type of *Mr. Nupkins*, before whom *Signor Pickvickio* was forcibly brought. The fate of hero and heroine is tragic. The book ends by telling in a few lines how *Don Silverio* is suddenly and unexpectedly promoted to the College of Cardinals, a proceeding about as improbable in fact, as it is artistically unnecessary in this fiction.

If any lady or gentleman is thinking of indulging in the luxury of pursuing a case before the Lords of the Judicial Committee of Her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, my Baronite urgently advises her or him to purchase *Privy Council Appeals* (EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE). Its author, Mr. THOMAS PRESTON, for the guidance of solicitors conducting appeals, has distilled the experience of nearly a quarter of a century as clerk in the Judicial Department of the Privy Council. He has taken a representative appeal, and dictates every step, from the entering an appearance down to the issue of the Queen's Final Order. Also, he prints the bills of costs. For an ordinary solicitor, the book is worth much more than its price in view of the pleasant watering of the mouth a glance down these little accounts will induce.

The Great Company (SMITH, ELDER) comprises a history of the Honourable Company of Merchant-Adventurers who, more than two hundred years ago, were the first that ever burst upon the silent sea of Hudson's Bay. Mr. BECKLES WILLSON has compiled his narrative from the Company's archives, from diplomatic documents, State papers of France and England, and from the talk and writings of factors and traders. A blemish upon the work is that the author has been somewhat embarrassed by his riches. If he had compressed his two volumes into one, by leaving out some tiresome, and occasionally in their minutiæ, bewildering details, he would have done better. As it is, the book, with its many maps and portraits, is a valuable addition to literature. The earlier chapters remind my Baronite of boyhood's revellings in the works of FENIMORE COOPER. That delectable scoundrel RADISSON, earliest pioneer of the Hudson Bay Company, might have stepped out of the pages of *The Spy* or *The Last of the Mohicans*.

The Baron was much taken by the outward appearance of four little books belonging to a series of *The Temple Primers*, published by Messrs. DENT, of Aldine House, treating of *Ethnology*, *Roman History*, *Dante*, and *Introduction to Science*. With which should he begin? His Roman History might want a little brushing-up; into DANTE he had been recently dipping; and from what he knew of *Science*, he hardly required an "introduction" to that party. So the Baron decided on taking up *Ethnology*, when, on opening the little volume, he was so staggered by being brought face to face with a "Wedda Woman" from Ceylon staring him out of countenance in so brazen-faced a manner, *Wedda* he liked it or no, that he was compelled, somewhat rudely, to shut her up, and to postpone his further acquaintance with *The Races of Man* until some more convenient opportunity, say till the Oxford and Cambridge sports, or some similar occasion, when *The Races of Man* are specially interesting and exciting. Good Heavens! who could Wed a Woman like this Wedda Woman!

There are some good sensational stories in *Marvels and Mysteries*, by RICHARD MARSH (METHUEN), but they must not be taken at a single sitting, otherwise apparitions, cataleptic fits, murders, and other "blood curdlers," which, at first, are calculated to make your flesh creep, soon become mere commonplace incidents in ordinary life. The first three stories and the sixth are the best. But the Baron recommends them being taken with a quiet cigar or soothing pipe, one and no more at a sitting.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

COMMANDEERS AND COMMANDOES.

(*An Explanation.*)

Q. WHAT is the meaning of "Commandeer"?
What is the meaning of "Commando"?
A. "Commandeer" is to steal, I fear,
And "Commando" is the thief, I know.

NEITHER LEAVE NOR LICENSE.—At the Penge Licensing Sessions last week, the seven days' license for the Crystal Palace was refused. On what grounds, except of course those of the Crystal Palace—which is another story—is not clear. So now those who may feel inclined to visit the Palace on a Sunday to hear the music, which is not forbidden, and to enjoy the health-giving air in the gardens, will, we suppose, have to be satisfied with living on air like *Hamlet's* chameleon. Mr. GILL, who appeared for the Crystal Palace, did his best, but the scruples of a Licensing Committee that sets itself against refreshing liquor on a Sunday are not likely to be overcome by the offer of a GILL. However Poundge, Shillingsh, and Penge decision as to the Cryshtal Pallidge interferes with the receipts, it will not at present interfere with the "Lyons Share" at feeding time, as steps, so we are informed, are being taken to appeal against it to Quarter Sessions.

"IN A GOOD CAUSE."

MR. PUNCH begs to acknowledge with great pleasure the receipt of the following letter:—

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—We have long recognised your pre-eminence in the world of humour, and we now desire to acknowledge, with deep gratitude, your proof that true humour and true sympathy, if not the same, are inseparable.

For months past we have been making appeals for our Sick Children in this Hospital, but though they are young, the appeal is somewhat time-worn, and was smothered in the host of newer demands.

But when you took up your wand on our behalf, the heart-strings and purse-strings seemed to open, as if by magic, under the combined influence of your own popularity and of pity for suffering children.

We are told that the days of Fairy Tales are past, that even the art of writing them has perished; but you have proved that the art of acting them survives when a good cause is brought in contact with so strong a hand and so warm a heart as yours.

Allow us, then, to convey to you and your innumerable readers our own heartfelt thanks, and those of all our little patients, past, present, and future.

The Committee of the
Hospital for Sick Children,
Great Ormond Street.

The subscriptions, *Mr. Punch* is happy to say, already amount to over £12,000, and, like the young giant at the fair, are "still growing!" The fourth list will be published next week. Meanwhile donations, great and small, may be sent to Messrs. BRADBURY, AGNEW & CO., Ld., 10, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

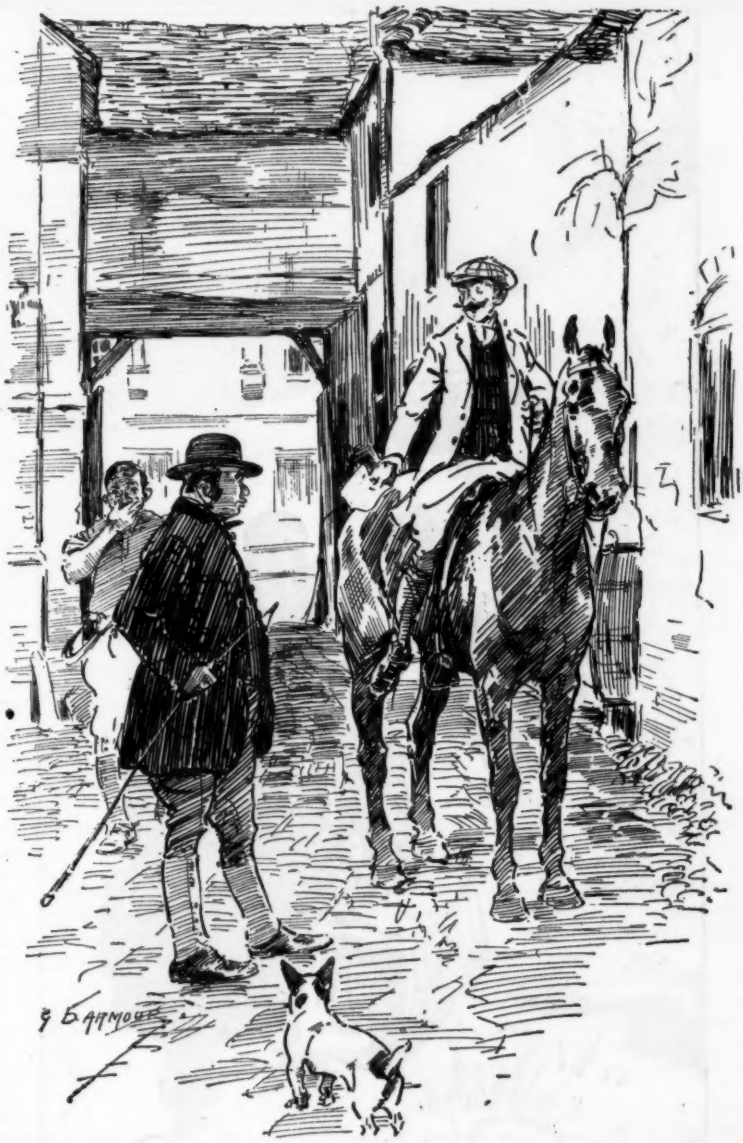
THE VOLCANO.

["The modern tourist has no reverence for Nature when he thinks she can be improved upon. 'Convenience' is his motto. The majestic grandeur of the mountain peak is enhanced in his opinion by a light railway to the summit."—*Daily Paper*.]

To realms that are warmed by a tropical sun,
Where native simplicity slumbers,
Some cheap but attractive excursions were run,
And tourists flocked thither in numbers;
They whistled the strains of a popular song,
Till even the echoes could hum it,
They climbed ev'ry mountain they could, before long,
And scribbled their names at the summit.

But towering high o'er the plain O!
With glances of haughty disdain O!
There gazed on the scene
What had formerly been
A most energetic volcano!

That district in time very popular grew,
For all by its beauty were smitten,
Photographers came to take view after view
And guide books were hastily written;
But still the volcano no temper displayed
Until—half a year or so later—



Mr. Noodel. "I INSIST ON YOUR TAKING BACK THIS BEAST. HE MADE SUCH A NOISE IN THE HUNTING-FIELD, YOU COULD HAVE HEARD HIM A MILE OFF! AND HERE 'S THE VET'S CERTIFICATE OF HIS BEING THOROUGHLY UNSOUND."

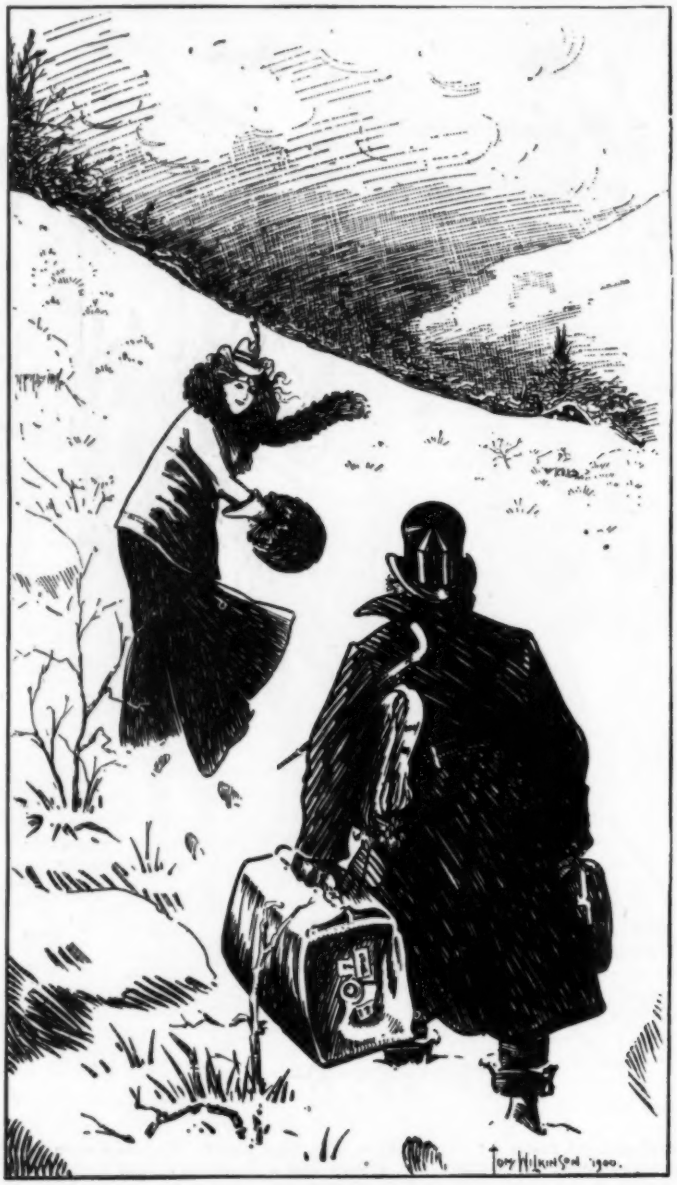
Mr. Cheke (the dealer). "QUITE SO. I GUARANTEED HIM AS A 'ROARIN' GOOD 'ORSE,' AND *SO HE IS.* IF YOU DIDN'T WANT THAT KIND OF ANIMAL, YOU SHOULDN'T HA' COME TO A DEALER WHO 'S DOIN' A '*ROARIN' TRADE.*'"

A light and ascensional railway was laid
For passengers up to its crater.

"Such conduct," it thought, is profane O!
"As I 'm pretty certain that *they* know,
Impertinent dogs,
By a system of cogs,
To try and ascend a volcano!

"They think, I suppose, that my power is past,
—A thought which exceedingly rash is—
I know it 's some centuries now since my last
Performance with lava and ashes;
But wrath is consuming me under my crust,
For speedy revenge I am thirsting;
I hate showing off, but I feel that I must
Give vent to my feelings by bursting!"

And very small pieces remain O!
Of passengers, engine and train O!
You 'll find it 's no joke
If you chance to provoke
A highly explosive volcano!



VOYAGE DUE NORTH.

Old Barclay, who has decided to accept an invitation to spend a week with Ponsonby at his new country house in the North, is met at the Station by one of the Ponsonby daughters, who insists on taking him a short cut.

"*Isn't* THIS JOLLY, MR. BARCLAY? YOU WILL SEE OUR HOUSE FROM THE TOP OF THIS HILL, AND *WE CAN SLIDE DOWN ALMOST TO THE DOOR!*"

[*Barclay murmurs "Ofly jolly," and sincerely wonders why on earth he ever left town.*

A PALACE—NOT IN SPAIN.

(*A Dream of the Alhambra.*)

CERTAINLY a good entertainment. Acrobatic and patriotic. Lofty tumbling and stirring songs. TOMMY ATKINS greatly respected. A fair amount of vocalism and capital dissolving views. People at the front greatly cheered. But "BOBS" for choice. And *the* feature of the evening entertainment. "Sons of the Empire" should be called "Daughters," for girls distinctly in the majority. The scene at Aldershot. Every one dances except the general commanding-in-chief, who merely flirts. "Stables" to "the music of the band," and "first-aid drill," chiefly on the light fantastic toe. Officer in the R.A.M.C., after comic dance with nurses, becomes distinguished member of the general staff. Strange review but entirely satisfactory to the audience. Altogether good. Other "turns" commendable. The Alhambra of the past—in Spain—was great, but the Alhambra of the present—in Leicester Square — is greater still. Long live "Varieties!"

TO A MESSENGER FROM MARS.

["Professor FOURNOY, of Geneva, has discovered a somnambulist of undoubted honesty who describes scenes in the planet Mars." — *Paris Correspondent of the "Daily Chronicle."*]

LADY, who, in some former state,
Have lived, they say, among the stars,
What is the lot assigned by fate
To Mars?

Here wars still take their wonted course
Though rescripts come from peaceful Czars;
Has the *Bloch* system come in force
In Mars?

Here Oppositions come to blows,
And each disjointed fragment jars;
Pray is its function to oppose
In Mars?

While here we boast with feeble pride,
About our bikes and motor-cars,
Upon what hobby do they ride
In Mars?

Here our omnivorous readers feed
On "bits," and "cuts," and spicy "pars,"
What masterpieces do they read
In Mars?

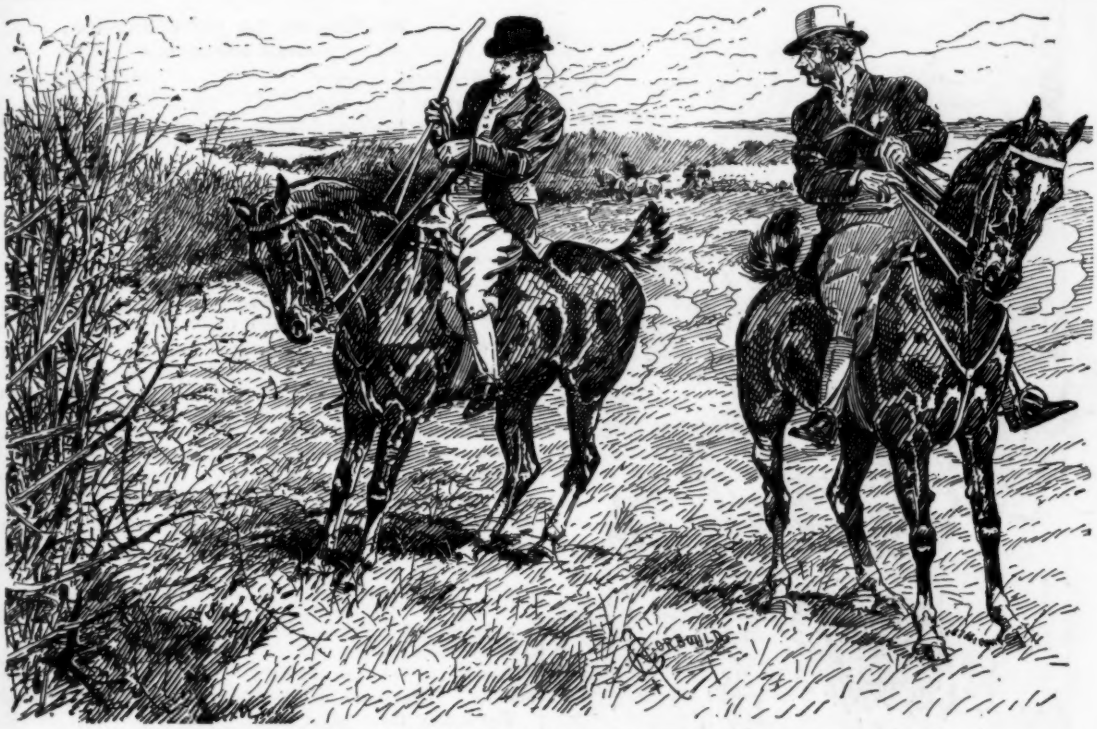
Here criminals we still restrain
In durance vile with bolts and bars;
Is vice extinct?—does virtue reign
In Mars?

Yet while at mundane things we scoff,
And sigh, and groan, and show our scars—
Perhaps they're, after all, worse off
In Mars.

APPROPRIATE.—Sir, his comedy in five acts Mr. GEORGE MOORE has entitled *The Bending of the Bough*. Excellent suggestion for pictorial advertisement! So evident. There can be no bow made without some bending, and there you have the figure of the author before the curtain, acknowledging the plaudits of the audience, gracefully bending as he bows, or gracefully bowing as he bends. No Moore at present, from

Yours truly, BILL POSTER.

ADVERTISEMENT. — Youth Wanted by a Gentleman aged seventy-five. — Apply SENEX, Waning, Feebleshire.



Nervous Visitor (pulling up at stiff-looking fence). "ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE THIS HEDGE, SIR?"
Sportsman. "NO. IT CAN STOP WHERE IT IS, AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED."

FACING THE MUSIC.

(By Our Musical Critic at the Front.)

["Neither ought soldiers (where trumpets, fifes, and drums can be supplied) to be called on to take great guns up steep mountain heights and fight afterwards without the help of stimulating music. The question which I would respectfully but solemnly ask of those who direct the supply of military music to the British Army is: 'What relative proportion is there between the supply of trumpets, fifes, and drums allotted to regiments during war service to that which the same regiments are accustomed to enjoy during time of peace?'"—*A Correspondent in the "Morning Post," March* 6.]

Brassfontein Camp, Monday, Noon.

NEW vigour has been infused into the campaign here by the arrival of 500 picked instrumentalists. To-day's operations have been most successful. In the early morning our scouts reported that a large force of the enemy lay entrenched two miles to the north-east of our position. The General at once sent out a detachment of fifes and drums to dislodge them, divided into seven sections, each section playing a different tune *fortissimo*. The combined effect as they left the camp was thrilling beyond words. As they neared the enemy's position, we could learn by our telescopes that wild consternation prevailed among the Boers, and many of them were seen to be stuffing their ears with gun-cotton. But this precaution proved futile against the gallant noise of our intrepid drum-and-fife bands. Ever onwards they pressed, while numbers of their foes writhed on the ground. It was impossible not to admire the heroism with which the Boers refused to retreat until absolutely compelled to do so. But nothing could avert their fate. When within twenty yards of the trenches, the commander of the drums-and-fifes halted his men, and there was a moment of deathly silence. The chief was seen to raise his *bâton* in the air. Friends and foes alike gazed upon it as though fascinated. It fell; and the ears of the enemy were smitten by the strains of the National Anthem played simultaneously *in seven different keys!* This was the finishing blow. With loud yells of pain the Boers fled in every direction, and the trenches were ours.

4 P.M.—News has just reached us of a successful movement in the direction of Tootleberg. For days we have been endeavouring to capture a lofty kopje which is of great strategical importance. The first attempt was made by three infantry regiments and two batteries of artillery, who, however, were repulsed with severe loss. At the second trial six infantry regiments and four batteries were employed, but equally without success. This morning an alternative plan was executed, and the attacking force was composed of a single regiment of infantry supported by a strong brass-band detachment. In ten minutes the position was won. Our only casualties were—Bassoon-player SMITH, slight strain to lungs from over-exertion. Drummer JONES, stiffened right arm, same cause.

7 P.M.—So much has been said of the inferiority of our equipment, as compared with that of our adversaries, that one is glad to find our field-euphoniums completely out-range and out-class the Field-Cornets.

All is now quiet here, except for the instrumental practising, which is carried on unceasingly. As a measure of precaution, I am learning to blow my own trumpet. Most of the special correspondents, I notice, are already proficient in this art.

THE BUDGET.

WHY, oh *why*, has the Chancellor of the Exchequer omitted to tax:

"Mary Ann" collars,
Evil-smelling motor-cars,
Creaking boots,
Khaki neckties,
Street shouters of "Win-*ner!*"
Amateur reciters of the "Absent-Minded Beggar,"

Newspapers which find it impossible to bring out a single issue without referring to Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING?

PROBLEM—WHAT'S THE NEXT MOVE?

"COMMEND ME TO ONE HUBERT!"

King John, Act V., Scene 4.

The German Emperor Wilhelm Meister understands the *entente cordiale*, and in giving his countenance to the rare art of Herr Hubert von Herkomer, R.A., His Imperial Majesty has, of course, thrown that friendly expression towards England into his lineaments which has been quickly caught and transferred to the enamel in which the Emperor is to be immortalised. Is it to be exhibited at Burlington House in May, or is it to remain in Berlin, and to be added to the Herkomer Collection "just a goin' to begin"?

EXPLANATION AND INFORMATION.

We see a correspondence in *The Academy* concerning "*The Chaplain to Punch*." We beg to put the matter clearly before those interested in the discussion, which primarily concerns only the Rev. A. C. Deane, one of *Mr. Punch's* distinguished contributors. Certainly, there is such an office as Chaplain to *Mr. Punch*, but it is an honorary Chaplainship, and, as is evident to the meanest capacity, is not held by "one of the inferior clergy," but by no one under the dignity of Dean. And not only so, but this Dean must have, as if he were a Bishop, *A See* attached to his name. Thus it is that *Mr. Punch's* Private Honorary Chaplain is able to sign himself "A. C. Deane."

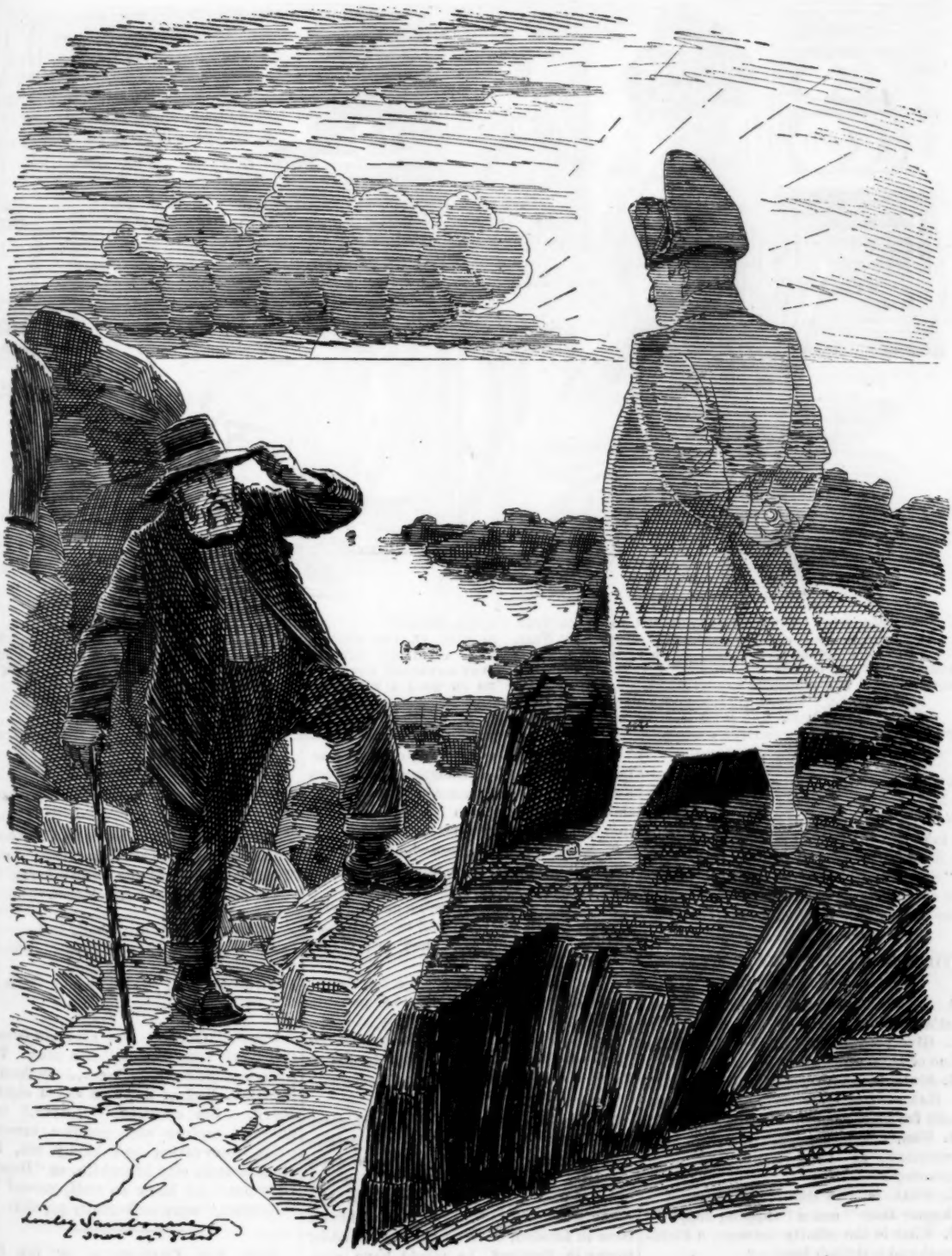
Pops.—At Christie's last week some fine old silver was sold which had been removed from the ancient home of the Popham family. When Mr. Hardup heard this, he observed, "Ah! one of my Uncles has a yearly sale of some very valuable silver that once belonged to the 'Pop 'em family,' from whom he has a constant supply." Mr. Hardup is a regular subscriber to "Saturday Pops."

MANUEL DE LA CONVERSATION.

Exposition Universelle.

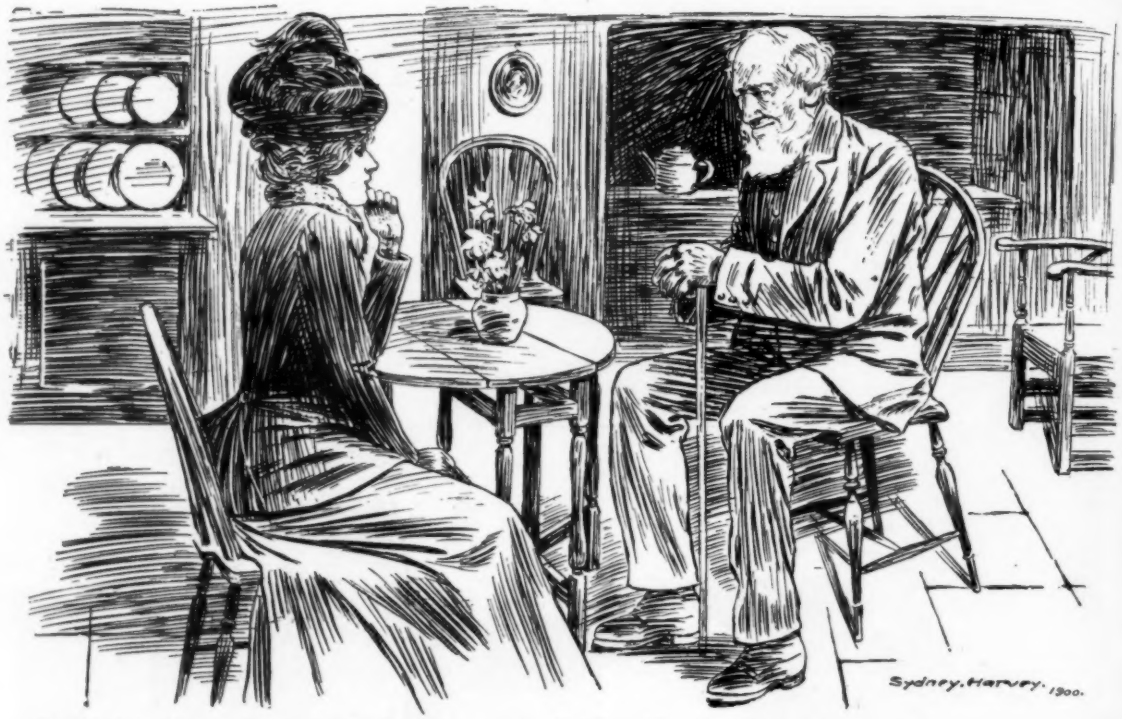
The First Breakfast.	*Le Premier Déjeuner.*
Ah, good day, Mister X. How go you? You descend also to this hotel?	Ah, bon jour, Monsieur X. Comment allez-vous? Vous descendez aussi à cet hôtel?
I am very bad lodged to cause of the incumbrance.	Je suis très mal logé à cause de l'encombrement.
Enchanted of you to encounter here. Wish you to breakfast with me?	Enchanté de vous rencontrer ici. Voulez-vous déjeuner avec moi?
Boy, despatch you!	Garçon, dépêchez-vous!
That is this that this is that that? One cup of coffee to the milk and one crescent?	Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça? Une tasse de café au lait et un croissant?
Ah, here, no! Bring to me one bifteck, of the muttons chops, of the ham, of the lard, of the butter, of the preserve, of the grilled bread, of the mufins, of the porridg, of the fish, one tenner of eggs, of the cold meat, some sausages of Lyon, and of the tea.	Ah, çà, non! Apportez-moi un bifteck, des muttons chops, du jambon, du lard, du beurre, de la confiture, du pain grillé, des mufins, du porridg, du poisson, une dizaine d'œufs, de la viande froide, quelques saucissons de Lyon, et du thé.
You eat one breakfast to the female english as me?	Vous mangez un déjeuner à l'anglaise comme moi?
It is that. He must himself to take care of in voyage.	C'est ça. Il faut se soigner en voyage.
Boy, of the mustard!	Garçon, de la moutarde!
Not that; of the english mustard. Where the mufins?	Pas ça; de la moutarde anglaise. Où sont les mufins?
You not of them have. Nor of the buns of the bath no more? Not even of the cakes Sarah Lunne?	Vous n'en avez pas? Ni des buns du bain non plus? Pas même des gateaux Sarah Lunne?
However we have enough well breakfasted, in commanding of the plates to part.	Cependant nous avons assez bien déjeuné, en commandant des plats à part.
Boy, the addition!	Garçon, l'addition!
That is this that this is that that? Porridg, five francs.	Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça? Porridg, 5 francs.
You tell that this plate not is french; that he musted of him to send to search the ingredients?	Vous dites que ce plat n'est pas français; qu'il faillait en envoyer chercher les ingrédients?
It is true. It is one plate of the Iglands, all near to Edinburgh.	C'est vrai. C'est un plat des Iglands, tout près d'Edimbourg.
You go to do one walk, Mister X.?	Vous allez faire une promenade, Monsieur X.?
Me also, before the lunch.	Moi aussi, avant le lunch.
Should can I you to offer one small glass of gin, on the terrace of the coffee?	Pourrais-je vous offrir un petit verre de gin, sur la terrasse du café?
We are very well here, to the great air.	Nous sommes très bien ici, au grand air.
You tell? Who is this woman? What woman?	Vous dites? Qui est cette femme? Quelle femme?
Ah, this woman there! One female French, evidently.	Ah, cette femme là! Une Française, evidemment.
Are they all schocking!	Sont-elles toutes schocking!
She we smile. It is one fine girl.	Elle nous sourit. C'est une belle fille.
Should be he discreet of to her to offer one glass of gin?	Serait-il discret de lui offrir un verre de gin?
Can to be that no.	Peut-être que non.
We her shall encounter in the ascender, or some part.	Nous la rencontrerons dans l'ascenseur ou quelque part.

H. D. B.



FORTUNE OF WAR.

General Cronje (at St. Helena, saluting the Shade of Napoleon the Great). "SAME ENEMY, SIRE! SAME RESULT!"



Miss Marjorie. "AND HOW IS YOUR SON JAMES GETTING ON, MR. GILES?"

Giles (*whose son has gone to London "in service"*). "WELL, TO TELL YE THE TRUTH, MISS MARJI, OI'M VERY TROUBLED ABOUT 'IM. OI 'AD A LETTER LAST WEEK, AN' 'E SAYS THAT 'E'S LIVIN' IN A BUILDIN' WITH 'UNDREDS OF PEOPLE IN IT, AN' IT'S THREE OR FOWR 'OUSES ONE ON TOP O' T'OTHER. 'E SAYS THERE'S A RAILWAY CARRIAGE WITHOUT AN INGIN' THAT GOES UP THE MIDDLE O' TH' BUILDIN', AN' THE LIGHTS IS ALL IN BOTTLES, AN' YOU TURNS 'EM ON WITH A TAP WITHOUT USIN' A LOOCIFER, AN'——"

Miss Marjorie. "BUT WHY ARE YOU TROUBLED ABOUT JAMES?"

Giles. "AYE, OI FEAR 'E MUST 'A TOOK TO DRINK, MISS!"

THE BICYCLISTS' BENISON.

BICYCLE riders bless the orbs
Of Manager Mr. WILLIE FORBES,
Who 's going to run a cyclists' train,
To take 'em to Dorking and back again.
On Sunday morn about eleven,
A "Special Service," and back ere seven.
The cyclists' gratitude he absorbs,
Does Manager Wily Wheelie FORBES!

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION PAPER.

(*Inspired by South Africa.*)

1. Define a rift without quoting the poet's lute.

2. Give your opinion of the strategical value of Holfontein and Ventersburg.

3. State in a few words the lives of Sir HARRY and Lady SMITH. Additional marks for brief record of FAURE SMITH.

4. Was Kimberley called after Lord KIMBERLEY, or Lord KIMBERLEY after Kimberley?

5. What is the difference between a "Dopper Boer" and a "dipping kopje"?

6. What is the affinity between a Field-Cornet and a British bugler?

7. Why is Sir ALFRED MILNER known as the Safe Man?

8. Why, when Lord ROBERTS of Kandahar, Lord KITCHENER of Khartoum, and even KRÜGER spell their names with a "K," should CRONJE elect to begin his appellation with a miserable "C"?

9. Name the contractors who lengthened their bills, and explain how they dipped them without finding other beaks.

10. Give a list of the foreign mercenaries serving with the Boers and their average salaries. Explain why they are called men-at-alms.

11. Explain why the change for Transvaal gold will undoubtedly be paid in British "Bobs."

12. Draw a map of the railway from the Cape to Cairo, not forgetting to insert the dominant Rhodes.

QUOTING KRÜGER.—After the best news from the Transvaal, the thirst for details was so great as not to be more than partially allayed by "cocktails," or any other "modest quencher," to quote *Mr. Richard Swiveller*. Had President KRÜGER been in London, or in any one of the chief towns in England, he would have seen plenty of examples of "staggering humanity."

ADIEU "GAMELLE"!

["The Duc D'ORLÉANS has left England for an indefinite period."—*Daily Paper.*]

YOU find, although your "cheek" is cool,
That absence is the wisest plan;
We always thought you quite a fool,
Yet something of a gentleman.

Your manners now are wholly bad,
What will they seem in courtly Spain?
You prove to be an utter cad,
We do not want you here again. H. D. B.

ONE OF "OURS."—Our dear old friend, "ROBERT THE WAITER," has gone. The Author of his being in *Punch*, JOHN THOMAS BEDFORD, died at the ripe age of eighty-seven. His creation, "ROBERT," was unique: replete with genuine humour, quiet observation and kindly wit, his studies from city life which, as "Deputy BEDFORD" he knew so well, viewed by "ROBERT," were universally popular.

NOTE FOR CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.—Old wine, like old soldiers, should be exempt from duty.

THE WEARIN' FOR THE QUEEN.

O PADDY dear, and did ye hear
The news that 's goin' round?
The Shamrock is by law allowed
To grow on Irish ground.
Whene'er St. Patrick's Day we keep,
We 'll let it well be seen;
A four-leaved Shamrock may it be,
This wearin' for the QUEEN!

BRAVO, BULLER!

OF "England's Worthies'" praise I 'm full,
I cannot well be FULLER!
None can *compare* with old JOHN BULL,
Unless, it may be, BULLER!

MASTERPIECES MODERNISED.

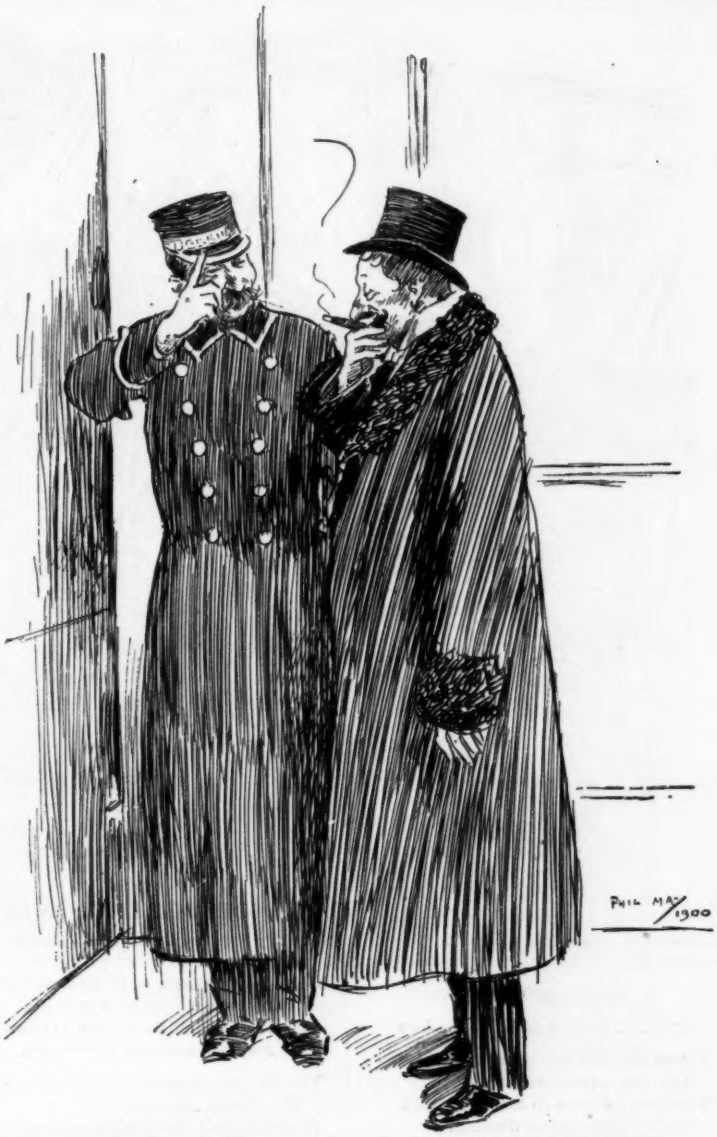
VII.—A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

(*Revised by H-nry Arth-r J-n-s.*)

INTRODUCTION.

ALTHOUGH it is with a glow of satisfaction that I view the present popularity of a fellow-worker—WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE—in the same vineyard as myself (for what the English Drama would have done without SHAKSPEARE and J-N-S is too terrible to contemplate), yet it is daily borne in upon me that the plays of the Elizabethan dramatist would gain largely in educational value were they put into modern dress. I have striven laboriously, ever since I took orders in the church of St. Thespis, to educate my fellow-creatures both in and out of season. It is to the theatre rather than to the ordinary church that we should look for moral enlightenment. Let us hasten, therefore, to remove the pulpit from the ordinary church or chapel into the theatre. I have ever held with MATTHEW ARNOLD—who was a highly intelligent man—that war must be waged against the Philistine. In the present play I have discarded blank verse almost entirely, feeling convinced that, even when of superior quality, it fails to attract nowadays — as the run of *The Tempter* conclusively proved.

ACT V. SCENE—*London Residence of the* Duke of ATHENSBERY. *Double drawing-room, back part fitted up as a miniature stage. Window overlooking public square, where statues of our leading dramatists occupy conspicuous positions. All appointments show great refinement and culture. On table lies a book entitled "Lectures on the English Drama."* TIME, 11 P.M.—*A summer evening. Discover Duke, his wife the* Duchess DRUSILLYTA, *and guests, amongst whom are the famous millionaire* Mr. CYRUS BLENKARN, *the brilliant Nonconformist preacher,* Rev. JUDAH LLEWELLYN, *etc.*



Commissionaire. "WOULD YOU LIKE A FOUR-WHEELER OR A 'ANSOM, SIR?"
Convivial Party (indistinctly). "VER' MUSH OBLIGE—BUT—REELY DON'T THINK I COULD TAKE 'NY MORE!"

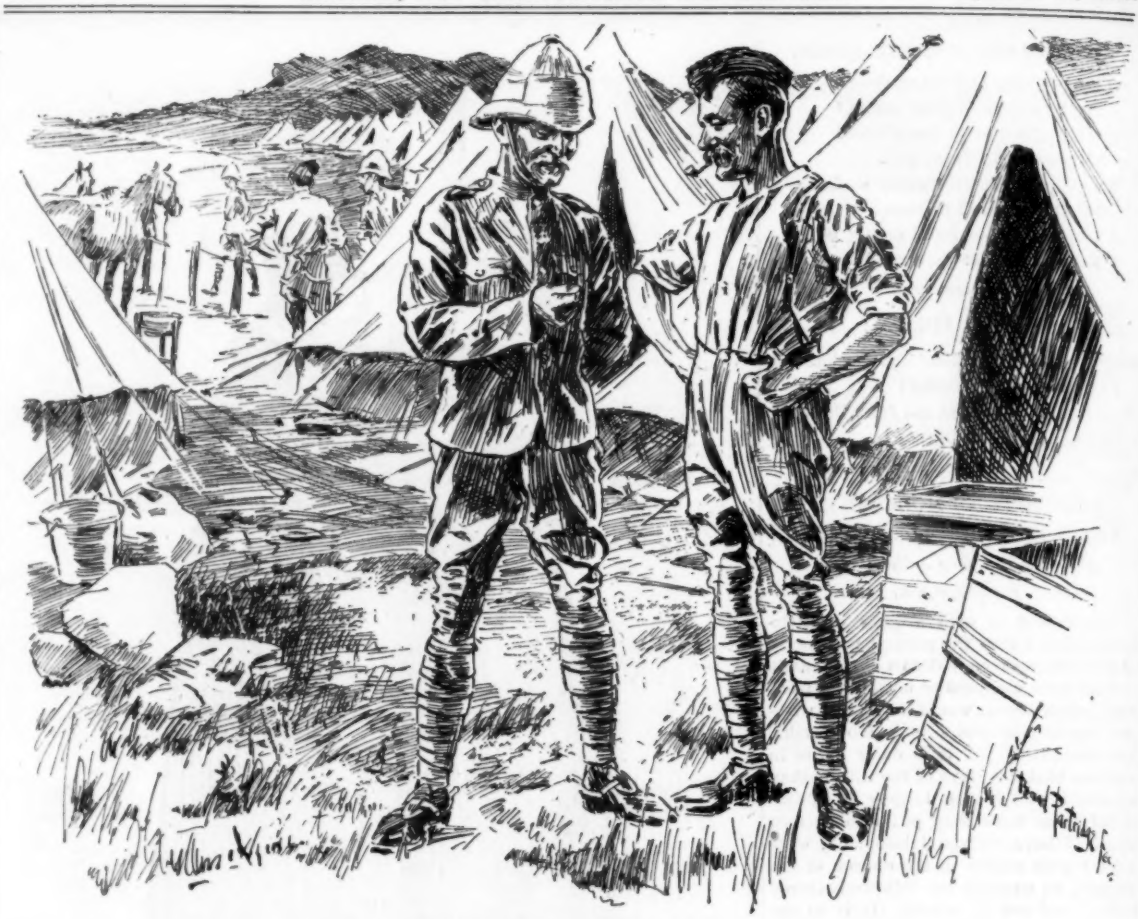
Duke (concluding a short but brilliant discourse on Imagination, illustrated by allusions to the lunatic, the dramatic critic, and the Philistine). Such are the vagaries of the Philistine's imagination that "On Exchange imagining some fear, How easy is a 'bull' suppos'd a 'bear.'" (*All laugh.*) But enough of caustic satire. The question is, how shall we pass away the time before supper? (*Addresses private secretary.*) You have the agenda of amusements? . . . Ah! thanks. (*Reads.*) "'The Bold Bad Cleric'—recitation by MICHAEL FEVERSHAM." No; that 's been overdone. (*Reads again.*) "A farcical moral scene of young BAPCHILD and his love JANE." That will do capitally.

Judah Llew. (confidentially). Don't you think a mystic *séance* would be better? Now my wife VASHTI——

Cyrus Blenkarn (impatiently). Excuse me—I should say some full-blooded melodrama.

Duke (with a sweet smile). Once, gentlemen, they served their purpose admirably. To-day it is different. This proposed interlude is not merely farcical—it is charged with the highest moral teaching. At least, I assume so.

(*The others are silenced, and scene proceeds.*)



ECHOES OF THE WAR.

Trooper (who has caught a Locust). "LOOK 'ERE, BILL! THIS IS A RUMMY COUNTRY. 'ERE 'S THE BLOOMIN' BUTTERFLIES IN KHAKI!"

KINGS IN EXILE.

Sir W. V. H-rc-rt to Lord R-s-b-ry.

AND so the end has come at last!
You, too, have found the world is vain;
You, too, propose to treat the past
With philosophical disdain.

Of Fortune's horrid shafts and slings
You cease to be the weary butt;
To all the vanity of things
Your final repartee is *Tut!*

Far from the loud abortive strife
Of this incorrigible age,
You mean to spend a quiet life
In some sequestered hermitage.

The great renunciation made,
I take it, you intend to seek
Seclusion in a forest-glade
Or occupy a mountain-peak.

Myself, I recommend a hill;
You get a nicer view from there;
You overlook the world and still
Imb be an independent air.

Close to the stars, with head sublime,
Aloof from vulgar fear or hope,
You will consent from time to time
To read the nations' horoscope.

Yet take my warning as a friend:—
This lonely elevated site
To which your thoughtful motions tend
Is "not attained by sudden flight."

In self-denial still unversed,
You should proceed by slow degrees;
It might be well to take, at first,
A course of solitary ease.

Try (let us say) a short retreat
In affluence on Naples' bay,
And learn to train your gradual feet
To tread the hermit's thorny way.

You might, for instance, nerve your heart
Against the barren days to come
By silent intercourse apart
With buried Herculaneum.

Upon the crude volcano's crest,
Proceeding there by rail, or moke,
You might be moved to make a jest
On ardent aims that end in smoke.

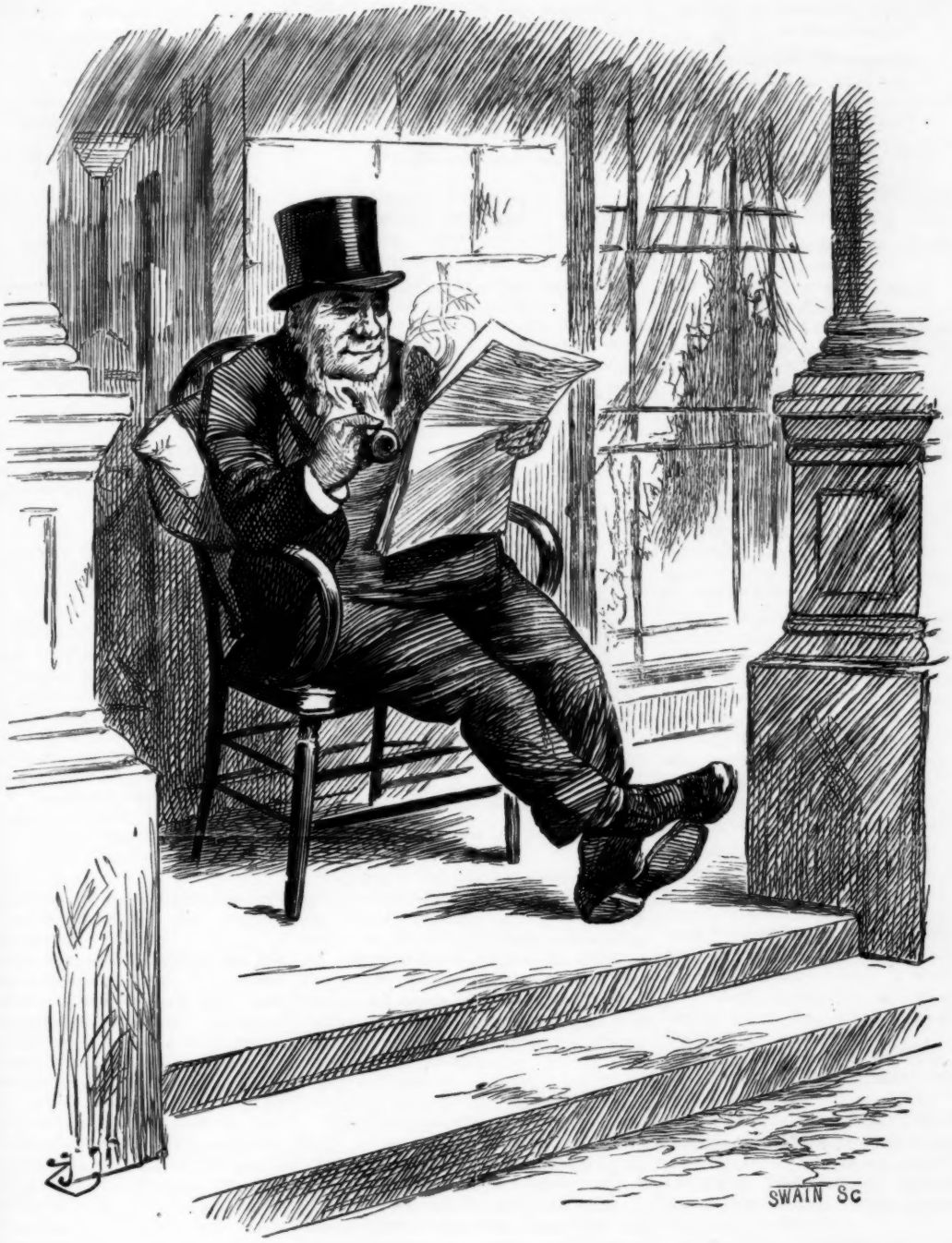
And if you ever feel inclined
(Your spirits getting rather low)
For converse with a kindred mind,
Don't hesitate to let me know!

A hint and I am by your side,
So glad to be of any use,
If thus the bonds be closelier tied
Which were perhaps a little loose.

For though, before the present plight,
We two were not exactly twin,
Common disgust should knit us tight,
And equal exile make us kin.

O. S.

PRODIGIOUS! — *Viâ* Lourenço Marques came this astonishing piece of news:—"Dr. KNOBEL reports that two of his men put to flight the British mounted infantry, who advanced out of Ladysmith." This, indeed, is the capture of—— the biscuit! The Knobel man won't find his peer in this line of business.



FULL OF RESOURCE.

President Krüger *(reading the Chancellor of the Exchequer's speech on the Budget debate)*:—

"I am not going to bind myself as to what I will do on the termination of the war. I look first to the Transvaal."

"OH, *DOES* HE? *I* KNOW WHAT *I* 'M GOING TO DO ON THE TERMINATION OF THE WAR. *I* 'M GOING THROUGH THE BANKRUPTCY COURT!"

PRECIOUS POEMS.—No. VII.

THE *REAL* "NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY."

How good and thankful we should be
For journalistic
Attempts to wake in you and me
The sense artistic.

The portrait of the hero dead
In War's convulsion;
The portrait of the hero fed
On SMITH'S Emulsion;

These, these appeal to us and claim
Our heart's devotion,
And which is worthier of fame
I've not a notion.

Of course I mean the *men*, and not
Their fair presentment,
And hope I am not saying what
Will rouse resentment.

He may be brave who faces shell
With whoop and chirrup,
But what of him who swallows—well,
Some patent syrup??

* * * * *

Now "let us travel back to our"
Artistic "muttons,"
And faces, too often sour,
Of baby gluttons.

The darlings ought to be arrayed
In smiles and dimples;
Oh, why are we so oft dismayed
With endless pimples?

Mid cocoa pure and undefiled,
And keyless watches,
Our eyes survey some monster child
One mass of blotches!

'Tis sad to gaze on such a blur—
It makes us shiver.
We feel that we should like to stir
Its little liver.

But stay—we ought to be more kind
And eulogistic
Of efforts to improve our mind,
And sense artistic! F. E.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 5.—Decidedly a stiff job before Chancellor of the Exchequer. Got to find a trifle of sixty millions to meet war charges. Fancies that will carry us on to end of September. If not, will look in again in July or August and ask for more.

Nothing could be nicer, kinder, or more thoughtful. Predisposed House at once to make any sacrifice demanded of it. This by no means light. The net widely spread. Interesting to watch faces here and there as disclosures made. When shilling clapped on income tax, WILFRID LAWSON looked compassionately on JOHN BRUNNER seated by his side.

"Poor chap, *he*'ll feel it," he said.

When tea stirred up with long spoon containing an extra twopence in the pound, BRUNNER, forgetting his own trouble, gently squeezed Sir WILFRID'S hand. When an extra shilling a barrel was put on beer, JAMESON looked over at MCEWAN and shook his head.

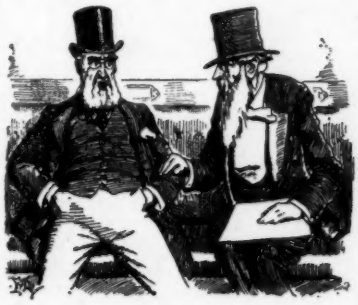
"Such a nice, quiet, modest fellow," he said; "generous-handed too. Make a difference to him."

In another minute ST. MICHAEL planked down his sixpence a gallon on whiskey, and JAMESON began to think that raids were committed by other than persons of his family name. It's these little things that try people and bring out native grit.

Over twelve millions proposed to be raised by extra taxation. Everybody hit more or less hard. But each so concerned with the sorrow of others, he forgets for the moment his own sad plight. Thus, in the end, ST. MICHAEL found, to his manifest surprise, his Budget hailed with pretty general chorus of approval.

What soothed members more than anything was the noble conduct of the millionaires. During current financial year, they have been dropping off in really patriotic manner. Upwards of two millions and a quarter have come from this limited class of our fellow citizens. A single one—noblest Roman of them all—lived on fifteen shillings a day in order that he might, at his death, endow the Chancellor of the Exchequer with £900,000. What makes this unselfish conduct the more striking is, that this gentleman was but a visitor to our shores. On the whole, quite a pleasant evening. Sixty millions provided whilst you wait.

Business done.—Budget introduced.



"MY POOR FRIEND."

(Sir W-lfr-d L-ws-n and Sir J-hn Br-nn-r.)

Tuesday. — TIM HEALY back with us again. Been lingering in Ireland comforting WILLIAM O'BRIEN, saying nice things (*sotto voce*) about JOHN DILLON, and extolling the statesmanlike qualities, the fine Parliamentary style, of REDMOND *cadet*. The Budget has drawn him across the Channel. Up to-night, following SQUIRE OF MALWOOD and Chancellor of Exchequer in discussing loan for 35 millions. SQUIRE says, "Why not make the Transvaal pay?"

"Delighted to do so," says ST. MICHAEL.

"Right thing to do, my boys," says TIM.

The only objection he takes rests on the moderation of proposal. Why only 35 millions? Why not the whole 60 millions? TIM confides to listening House that his personal knowledge of the possibilities of the Transvaal was acquired during a visit to a shilling show of Savage South Africa. Lasting impression made on his ingenuous mind. He saw kopjes of gold rising sheer into the burnished sky. Beneath Johannesburg, so he learned for his shilling, stretch goldfields worth 2,000 millions sterling. Why haggle about 20 millions? Having robbed the Boers of their land, why should bold buccaneers tremble on the verge of the gold mines?

"*I* didn't go to war to secure the franchise for the Uitlanders," TIM said, gravely surveying the laughing faces round him. "I want these gold mines, and I trust the Government will not disappoint me."

A pretty bit of grave comedy. So delighted a bored House that, by half-past eight, business, including the borrowing of a mere trifle of 35 millions, wound-up, and so home to dinner.

Business done.—Further discussion of Budget proposals. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD seizes opportunity, *à propos de bottes*, of remarking that he isn't a panic-monger ("*Mr. Crummles* is not a Prussian"), and doesn't want conscription.

"Why does the right hon. gentleman address these observations to us?" asked ST. MICHAEL.

"I didn't," said the SQUIRE. Which, indeed, the House had suspected.

Thursday. — Morning sitting of both Houses; to be precise, it was a morning standing; place of gathering the quadrangle outside Buckingham Palace. Queen came to town to-day. All the world gone forth to greet her. Noble Lords and faithful Commons not behind in loyalty. So they crowd quadrangle, and stand bareheaded whilst they sing "*God Save the Queen.*"

Lord ROWTON started the hymn; Lords and Commons, forming joint committee, took it up lustily.

"ROWTON," says SARK, whose fine baritone was distinctly heard above the tuneful quire, "has beaten his old friend and chief. DIZZY led the Commons and BEACONSFIELD led the Lords. ROWTON this morning has led both."

Charming little incident at evening sitting. Questions over, REDMOND *aîné* rose and delivered gracious message to the Queen. Is good enough to approve Her Majesty's action in directing that hereafter, as a distinction reminiscent of their gallant conduct in the field, Irish soldiers shall wear sprig of shamrock on St. Patrick's Day. This almost good enough for one day and one speech. But when

REDMOND *aîné* makes up his mind to do a nice thing he goes all the way. House having been privileged to hear approval expressed of Her Majesty's action in the matter of the shamrock, held its breath whilst the plump gentleman, without a twinkle in his eye or the least suspicion of a smile on his lips, went on to announce that "our people will treat with respect the visit which the venerable sovereign proposes to make to their shores."

Beyond this magnanimity condescension could no further go. Accordingly, the Speech from the Throne—I mean from the corner seat below the gangway, concluded with an intimation, to whom it may concern, that "our chivalrous hospitality" must not be taken as meaning abatement of demand for national rights.

"And yet," said SARK, staring aghast at the pompous person who, with an ineffable air, resumed his seat after delivering this message, "they say the Irish are pre-eminently gifted with a sense of humour!"

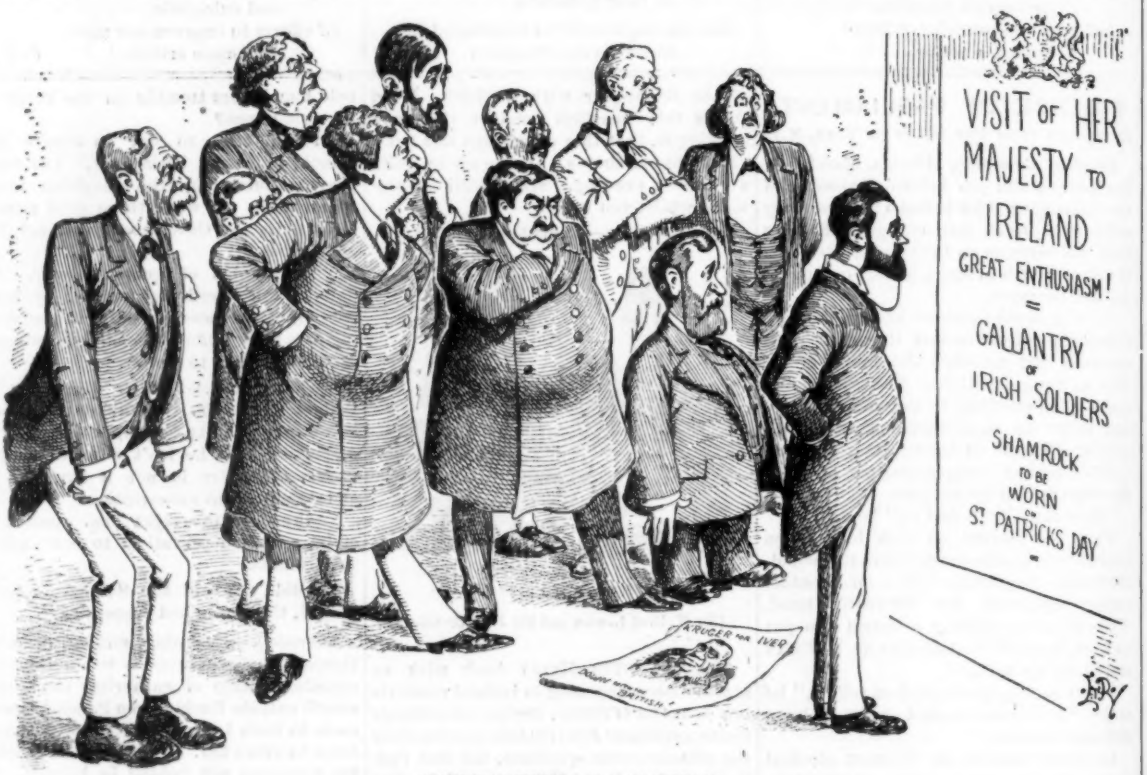
Business done.—Navy Estimates rattled through.

Friday.—Found the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD in low spirits just now. "Grieving over ROSEBERY'S fresh evidences of resignation?" I asked.

"No, TOBY, I'm not," he rather tartly answered. "I am thinking how strange are the ways of Destiny. Here's the country engaged in a war which I regard as the most needless and iniquitous ever entered upon. And who is the man who most largely contributes to make it possible? Why, I am. Where would the present Government be without my Death Duties? ST. MICHAEL admits that before financial year closes he will have raked in seventeen millions and a half from this one source of revenue. He puts down cost of war at sixty millions. If present rate of increase in Death Duties continues over next two years I, *moi qui parle*, will have paid for the Transvaal War in three years, without burdening the ordinary taxpayer with a single penny. Or, if you like to be quite safe, put the term down at four years.

"Talk about *Monte Cristo* and his mine, what were they compared to Monte HARCOURT and his Death Duties? And yet, TOBY, as you know, I have had nothing but disappointment and shame born with this, the fairest, fondest child of my finance. To begin with, no sooner had I, so to speak, weaned it than I was bereft. The very men who would have smothered the che-ild in infancy"—(here the strong man broke down and wept)—"have now taken it over with its rich inheritance, which they systematically use for purposes calculated to wring a father's heart. They have eased the landlord's purse, subsidised church schools, relieved the clergy battening on tithes, and now they go to war in the interest of the millionaires of Johannesburg. And all with the proceeds of my Death Duties. Ah! TOBY, may you never know how much sharper than a serpent's tooth is the conduct of a political party who first say you sha'n't create Death Duties and then go and put the money—your money—to these discreditable purposes."

Business done.—Quite a lot.



"OUTFLANKED, BE JABERS!"

(ANOTHER OF KRÜGER'S COMMANDOES IN DIFFICULTIES.)

The above Pathriots, after enthusiastically supporting in turn Cetewayo, the Mahdi, the Afridis, King Prempeh, the Khalifa, the Boers, and other equally attractive and respectable enemies of the Queen, have solemnly granted *their* permission to the Irish people to receive their own Queen respectfully, but "without prejudice"! Now that the Shamrock is not only permitted but directed to be worn, they will no doubt vote it "afther all an overrhated vhegetable for phorpuses av dhecoration."

WAR NEWS.—The illness which prevented Dr. LEYDS from receiving journalists was *Cronjestion*. Mrs. CRONJE'S idea that Boer re-inforcements would arrive before her husband was compelled to capitulate, has proved to be a myth—a Lady's-myth.

THE PANTOKEPHALOLUTRON.

(*Continued from p. 180.*)

"OF course, you don't mean to go to a pawnbroker's with those lovely things, CHARLIE?" said JOAN, with a laugh.

CHARLIE gave a considerable amount of attention to the tips of the fingers of one hand, suggesting in this way the curiosity which a baby shows in the joints of the same member. Dr. PASSMORE knew very well that the baby is wondering how it has come about that it is not hanging by the hands—perhaps also by a medium of suspension that has been wanting in the species for some hundred thousand years or so—from the bough of a tree; but Dr. PASSMORE'S daughter could not for the life of her understand why CHARLIE COLLINGHAM kept his attention riveted for so long upon the curves of his nails, and failed to reply to her at once.

"What on earth do you find to interest you at the tips of your fingers?" she cried. "Haven't you seen them before now, you goose?"

"Well, the truth is, my dearest, I could not help thinking that—that—well, I'm surprised to find myself feeling that, after all, there's a good deal of enjoyment—no, not quite enjoyment—satisfaction, rather—solid satisfaction to be got out of being a bit miserly," said CHARLIE, gravely.

"Don't be a fool," said JOAN, quickly.

"That's just the point," said he. "Isn't it a fact that I have been a bit of a fool up to the present?"

"You admitted that you fell in love with me, at any rate," she said, with a pout. "I suppose you will suggest that that proves your point?"

"It was the only sensible act of my life," cried he. "In fact, it represents such an attitude of sensibility I can't quite understand how it was even suggested to me."

She turned away from him and picked up an account-book. If he was talking of falling in love as an act of sensibility, she would show him that she could be sensible too, and let him see how he liked that. She knew no better than to confound commonplaceness with sensibility.

"What I mean is this, my dear JOAN: I have never given economy a fair trial before," said CHARLIE. "I have never bothered myself about reducing my expenditure—always been an extravagant beggar, you know. It never occurred to me until this affair came up that there was any fun in being otherwise."

"How amusing!" said JOAN, with a sarcastic inflection. "How amusing! And now you find that you have all along had the instincts of a miser?"

"Oh, you go too far. What I mean is that—that—well, that being a fool is—is—well, a bit foolish."

"You have actually made that discovery? You *are* clever!"

"I'm quite surprised to find that smoking a pipe is better for a chap—not to say a deal cheaper—than smoking those big Larranagas. And one whisky and soda is twice as good as two. I've found that out; and then, as regards this rubbish at the end of my chain—there's no denying the fact that it costs me five pounds a year at the very least to carry these things about with me."

"To say nothing of the wear and tear upon your strength—surely you should take the expenditure of muscle into account, CHARLIE, now that you have set yourself to make the calculation of the consequences of wearing all those heavy gold trinkets? Well, go away and pawn them. I don't know much about pawning things myself, but I'm sure that if you go into one of those places wearing a paper collar and that horrid tie, which you bought for tenpence, and offer them your trinkets, the people will have you detained while they send for the police. I hope you'll have the manliness to refrain from giving my father's name as a reference, when it comes to that."

He went away after a pause, thoughtfully jingling his trinkets, and a few minutes later his host sought JOAN with exultant enquiries.

"A spendthrift! That man a spendthrift!" he cried. "Who could have imagined so extraordinary a change taking place in any temperament within a week? Have I kept my promise to you, JOAN, or have I not? Have not I provided you with a model husband? He will show you how to spend your money—I mean, he will show you how to keep it. Has he spoken to you yet on the subject of marriage, my dear?"

"Oh, yes; he referred to the matter yesterday," said JOAN.

"And you did not refuse to listen to him—I hope you were not such a fool?" cried her father.

"Of course I told him that I was entirely in your hands," said JOAN. "The daughter of a scientific investigator should be prepared to sacrifice herself to——"

"Heavens above! Can't you see that I've made for you one husband out of a thousand? But you are like all girls; you would rather marry a spendthrift than a sensible, economical young fellow such as I have made out of CHARLIE COLLINGHAM."

"I hope that I know my duty sufficiently well to sink all personal aspirations, papa. Only if I may venture to advise you, I would say: Proceed with your negotiations without further delay."

"Negotiations? What negotiations?"

"Negotiations for the disposal of your daughter. He is getting closer-fisted every day. He apologised to me for not shaving for three days, on the ground that the wear and tear upon his razors was so great by daily shaving, he had calculated that an ordinary razor would not remain serviceable longer than thirty-five or forty years. The sooner you make your bargain with him, the better chance you will have."

Dr. PASSMORE pondered for some time on this advice.

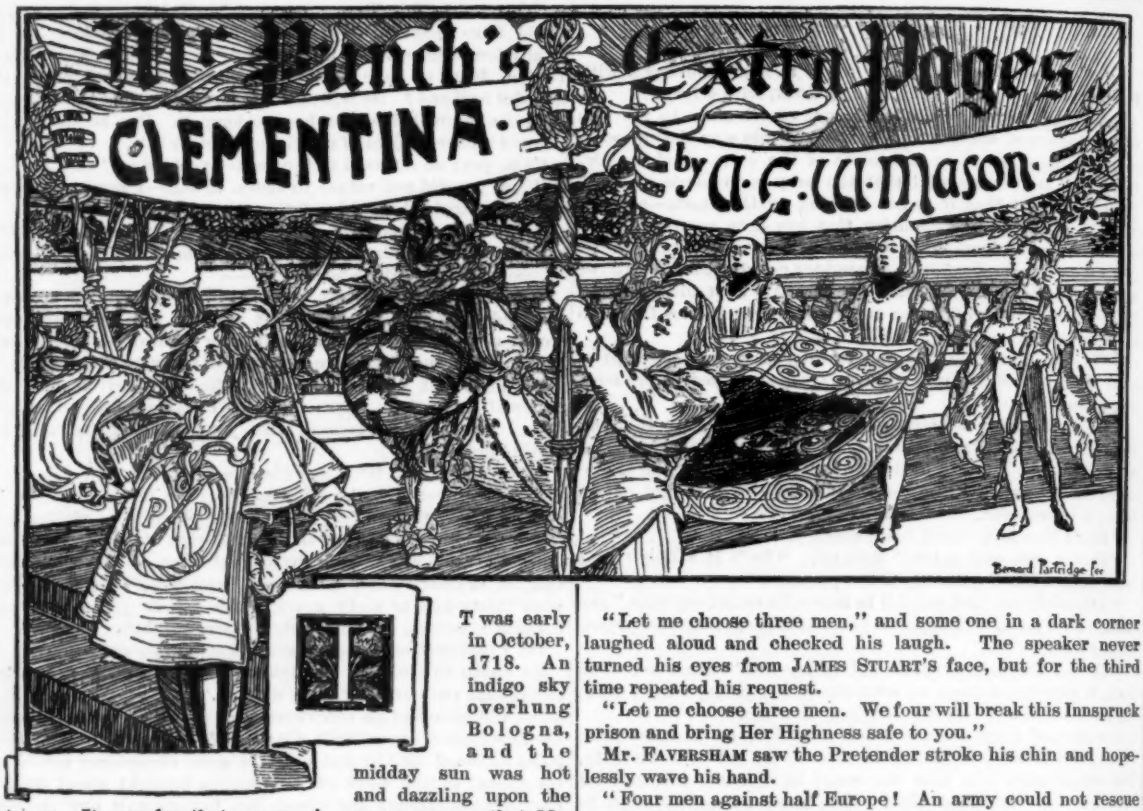
He spoke to CHARLIE COLLINGHAM on the subject of settlements that very evening after dinner. And then he found that he should have had his conversation on matters of business with the unreformed spendthrift, CHARLIE COLLINGHAM. Up to this point he found that he had only the most elementary notion of the extent of the work of reformation brought about by the Pantokephalolutron; for young Mr. COLLINGHAM now showed himself to possess the largest ideas on the subject of their conversation. Indeed, Dr. PASSMORE was fully justified in calling him grasping. He called him so in the presence of his daughter the next day. But his daughter took the part of her *fiancé*, and asked her father if Mr. COLLINGHAM was grasping, who had made him so? "After all, what is thirty-five thousand pounds?" asked JOAN.

"I'm afraid, my dear, that he will keep a tight hand on your expenditure," said the father.

"I daresay," said JOAN; "but one must show oneself ready to submit to any sacrifice for the promotion of research."

That morning CHARLIE COLLINGHAM indulged in the luxury of a shave, and in the evening he put on a perfectly white tie, and took no precautions for the preservation of his shirt front; and his host felt that he might take a more optimistic view of the possibility of the return to him of a moderate measure of generosity. Time has shown that his judgment on this point was not at fault. It is possibly their acquaintance with the COLLINGHAM *ménage* that causes those of Dr. PASSMORE'S friends to smile curiously when he refers to the condition of his son-in-law as a conclusive proof of the value of his Pantokephalolutron. He is still in correspondence with the Biological Department on the subject of its adoption in board schools, prisons, lunatic asylums, and the House of Commons; but in spite of its signal triumph in one case, the Pantokephalolutron has not yet become fully recognised in the world as a potent agent of reform.

F. Rankfort Moore



IT was early in October, 1718. An indigo sky overhung Bologna, and the midday sun was hot and dazzling upon the stones. It was for that reason, in some measure, that Mr. FAVERSHAM walked without any hurry through the streets. But, besides, he had never taken great account of the makeshift court which the Pretender established in this or that halting-place of his migrations. Its ceremonies amused him; its intrigues and jealousies interested him; he had some respect for the devoted adherents which it numbered, some admiration for its hardy adventurers, and some pity for the pale, melancholy man who, in solemn earnestness, daily played at being king. But Mr. FAVERSHAM's enthusiasms were not stirred, and so on this morning when he knew the court must be shaken and dismayed, he was merely picturing to himself, as he walked through the white alleys to the Pretender's lodging, how this Irishman would find in the bad news a cause of offence against that Scotchman, and how, perhaps, an Englishman would twist the quarrel to make a profit for himself.

But as he mounted the stairs he heard no sound of squabbling in the ante-chamber as he had expected; he did not even hear a voice; it seemed that the room was deserted. A lackey opened the door for him, however, and he saw that, on the contrary, the room was full. He saw also the reason of the silence. The Pretender himself was seated on a chair, his chin propped upon his palm, and his tired face overcast with despondency. And then, just as Mr. FAVERSHAM stepped within the door, a voice spoke:

"Let me choose three men."

There was just a stir of amazement, and again a great silence. The sunlight penetrating between the shutters shone here upon an arrested face, there upon a woman's dress, motionless as though it robed a statue, and lay in still pools upon the dark polished floor. The clatter of the streets outside seemed to magnify the quietude of this crowded apartment, until the voice spoke again more insistent and louder:

"Let me choose three men," and some one in a dark corner laughed aloud and checked his laugh. The speaker never turned his eyes from JAMES STUART's face, but for the third time repeated his request.

"Let me choose three men. We four will break this Innspruck prison and bring Her Highness safe to you."

Mr. FAVERSHAM saw the Pretender stroke his chin and hopelessly wave his hand.

"Four men against half Europe! An army could not rescue her." The answer came quick upon the words.

"And I do not ask for an army. I ask for three men. Prisons have been broken before to-day. I myself from time to time have had some practice with them," he added with a laugh.

Mr. FAVERSHAM echoed the laugh. He had a great liking for CHARLES WOGAN, whose escape from Newgate across the roofs three years before was still a matter for wonder to those who only knew the man by sight. As he stood forward in the room, though he was both scholar and soldier, it was chiefly the scholar who showed in his appearance, and while he had the enthusiasm native to his Irish blood, he conjoined with it the repression of an Englishman. This exploit, however, which he now proposed, exceeded that escape, and by how much the silence signified.

JAMES STUART turned to his right, where stood the Cardinal ORIGO, and asked his opinion.

"I will wager Mr. WOGAN," he answered, "a box at the opera that he returns empty-handed;" and the voice which had laughed croaked out from its dark corner:

"If he returns, which to be sure he will not do."

Mr. FAVERSHAM knew the speaker now for a cantankerous Baronet who saw no profit in any scheme which he himself did not devise. Sir WILLIAM MOWBRAY stood out from his corner and continued,—"If there were a chance of success, I would be the first to wish Mr. WOGAN God-speed. But there can be no chance. When the Princess CLEMENTINA was first betrothed to your Majesty, we know the dismay the news caused in England, and we know why. If the marriage once took place, your Majesty became allied, not merely to her father the King of Poland, but to half the crowned heads of Europe. We know what efforts were made to break the marriage off. The Princess kept her troth, and here's the consequence. She travels from Silesia with her mother to join your Majesty. News is brought

to us to-day that, at the command of GEORGE of Hanover, the Princess was arrested at Innspruck by the Emperor of Austria. She will be kept safe. General HEISTER, the Governor of Innspruck, we are told, has orders to guard her and her mother upon pain of death."

"Well," interrupted WOGAN. "Would the world stop if General HEISTER died?"

"Twice a day the magistrates visit the villa where she is imprisoned. At ten in the morning and at ten of the night."

"One is not compelled," said WOGAN, "to choose the hour of ten for her rescue."

"Besides, suppose that the Princess is rescued, she will need a gentlewoman to bear her company on her journey here."

"That 's true," rejoined WOGAN, "and therefore one of the three men I choose shall have a jealous wife who would rather come with him at any risk than trust him out of sight."

In the end WOGAN got his way, as he had a knack of doing. He chose three men, Major GAYDON, Captain LUCIUS O'TOOLE, and Captain MISSET, of the Irish brigade, for his companions, Mrs. MISSET as a companion for the Princess, and her maid JENNY, whom they were to leave behind as a substitute in the Princess's apartments. Still no one believed in the prospects of the venture, Sir WILLIAM MOWBRAY least of all. He left the Pretender's lodging with Mr. FAVERSHAM.

"I am not sure," said he, with an air of great preoccupation, "that success would be here the wisest thing. The Princess CLEMENTINA has never yet seen her future husband."

"One hears," said Mr. FAVERSHAM, "that she is none the less devoted to him."

"She has, no doubt, a fanciful picture of him, such as girls will make and cherish, until they see the original. It was, I believe, through Mr. WOGAN'S mediation that the marriage was arranged. Mr. WOGAN chose her as the one woman in Europe. He is very enthusiastic concerning her."

"His heart is in the work," Mr. FAVERSHAM agreed.

"Perhaps a thought too deep," MOWBRAY suggested.

"A man may love his Queen," said Mr. FAVERSHAM.

"Why, yes," said MOWBRAY, laying a finger upon Mr. FAVERSHAM'S sleeve. "But the pity would be if those who wished to say 'here 's a man who loves his Queen,' were compelled to say instead 'here 's a man who loves a woman;' and Sir WILLIAM came to a sudden stop, stared for a moment across the road and broke into a laugh.

"Do you see that?"

Mr. FAVERSHAM looked across the road too.

"I see the Caprara Palace."

"And a travelling carriage at the door, a carriage, my dear friend, from which the Princess CAPRARA has just stepped out. You do well to start. For let us suppose the King just a mere gentleman. Whom would he marry, do you think? We need not look so far as Innspruck, eh?"

"The CAPRARA back in Bologna," cried Mr. FAVERSHAM. For one moment he was almost concerned; then he whistled. "It is, of course, a coincidence," said he.

"That she returns on the very morning when we know SOBIESKI'S daughter is safe under lock and key? No doubt, but a regrettable coincidence. Look forward, Mr. FAVERSHAM. It begins to grow upon me that Mr. WOGAN'S success would mean a misfortune, and alas! we may always count upon misfortunes."

This misfortune, at all events, Sir WILLIAM went forward to meet with a smiling face. He enlarged upon it as he walked on.

"If Mr. WOGAN—who is, we will be content to say, enthusiastic—rescues the Princess CLEMENTINA, who for her part has never seen her King, and brings her unexpectedly to Bologna to find the Caprara woman officiating as the consoler, why then——" and he paused, delicately savouring the complication.

"Well, what then?"

"Why then we may look for a diverting comedy," said he, and it is to be regretted that Mr. FAVERSHAM also chuckled.

While these two leisurely gentlemen sauntered through Bologna, CHARLES WOGAN was already making his preparations. In November he travelled into Silesia, where he spent many weary months persuading the King of Poland to assent to his adventure; from Silesia he passed to Strasbourg, where he picked up his companions, took for the expedition the name of WARNER, and bought a barouche; and on April 16 the tiny cavalcade rode in disguise out of Strasbourg to make a hole in the moon, as their commiserating friends predicted. They reached Nazareth, a mountain village in the Tyrol, on the 23rd. Communications were made with M. CHATEAUDON, the Princess's Major-domo; he was shown a letter in the King of Poland's hand, enjoining him to entrust the Princess CLEMENTINA to a gentleman going by the name of WARNER; and then Mr. WARNER ordered him to leave the house-door unlatched on the night of the 27th. That day the barouche was brought down to a suburb of Innspruck, and the horses were put up at an inn. The weather was frosty so that one's breath was a puff of smoke, and the city from its roadways to its gables lay sheeted in snow. Mr. WOGAN tapped on the window of the inn-parlour and prayed for more snow. The snow fell in feather-flakes through the afternoon, in a whirling, blinding storm when the night fell. It drove the sentry at the door of the prison-house, secure that on such a night his prisoner was safe, across the road to a tavern. That was WOGAN'S luck, and it was also lucky for the sentry.

WOGAN led JENNY to the doorstep.

"Tell her Mr. WARNER will be under the fifth tree in the avenue," said he in a whisper; "and play your part well, JENNY. Keep your bed to-morrow. We need a day's start. Let no one see you without the room is darkened. Speak in a weak voice."

The door was open; JENNY slipped into the house; WOGAN waited under the fifth tree of the avenue. He waited for hours and months and years. He waited for precisely five minutes. Then something dark bulked for a second mistily upon the doorstep, and a girl came stumbling towards him. WOGAN stepped out from his tree. The girl caught him by the hand. "The King," she said in a voice that thrilled. "I knew it. Here is a night to prove a lover."

WOGAN raised her hand and kissed it.

"No," said he, "only the King's servant." And the girl drew back, not at all in distrust, but with a world of disappointment in her manner.

"The carriage is a mile from here," said WOGAN, "if your Highness can walk it."

"Yes, and a mile to that mile too," she said readily. "And so the King could not come himself. No, to be sure. I know he has much to think of. I did not expect it. Let us walk;" and she stepped bravely out.

"You do not mind the snow," said WOGAN.

"Would it fell faster! Would the flakes fell thicker!" she said, and she held out her hands as though to catch them. "Would they did not melt! I believe God sends the snow to cover me. It 's the white canopy, do you see, spread above my head, that I may go in state to meet my lord;" and as she spoke she stumbled over a hillock on to her hands and knees, and laughed.

WOGAN helped her up, with a question whether she was hurt.

"That comes of rhapsodies," said she, and dried her hands upon his coat. "But I am not hurt. Tell me of the King. I shall make mistakes in that new world—oh! mistakes by the dozen! Will he have patience while I learn?"

"If you knew him as I do," began WOGAN, and stopped his walk. A puddle of melted snow lay across the road, too wide for a stride. WOGAN jumped over it and turned.

"If your Highness will take my hand, there is a stone—a white stone, on which you may safely step."

The Princess took his hand and stepped. The stone sank beneath the puddle. She uttered a little cry, and jumped dripping to the further side.

"Your stone was a bunch of straw," she said, with a gasp. "He is generous, then?"

"Your Highness, here is the barouche," said WOGAN.

O'TOOLE sat on his horse by the carriage door, the Princess, Mrs. MISSET, and GAYDON mounted within, and the horses were driven off through the suburb, across the open, and up the slope to the head of the Brenner pass where MISSET waited with fresh relays.

"I will not sleep till we reach Italy," said WOGAN, and MISSET's head at the window woke him up in the grey of the morning.

"Look man," cried MISSET. WOGAN looked and saw the Princess lying back against the cushions in a dead faint. WOGAN chafed her hands, and cursed himself aloud for his negligence. Mrs. MISSET held a bottle of salts to her nostrils, and O'TOOLE wept bitterly. In the midst of the noise, the Princess opened her eyes and saw WOGAN bending over her.

"My poor marmozet," said she, laying her hand upon his shoulder, "don't look so unhappy." Then she looked at O'TOOLE and laughed.

Beyond the Brenner the climate changed. The snow vanished. The noise of spring was in their ears, the gold of spring was luminous in the air, and the sun rose over the hills. WOGAN sat over against the Princess; now and then her knee touched his; now and again her fresh voice spoke to him. He spent his time weaving rare images to match her looks and courage, and spent his time unprofitably, for he found not one to his taste; and in the midst of one such reverie she fairly startled him.

"Mr. WOGAN, I am sure you are in love."

WOGAN answered with great vehemence and confusion.

"No, your Highness; no, don't believe that. I mean—well—do not believe it."

"I am sure of it. Twice I spoke to you and you did not answer. Tell me her name. I will stand her friend."

"Never," cried WOGAN, suddenly, and his confusion increased. "There is no one. I was not thinking of her. I mean—it would be well to make sure we are not followed," and he made a hasty retreat from the carriage, took O'TOOLE's horse, and rode in the rear. It was towards evening when he rejoined the carriage, and he found the occupants in some embarrassment. The Princess explained their embarrassment.

"They will tell me nothing," said she to WOGAN. "I ask them of the King. He is brave."

"A lion for bravery," protested O'TOOLE.

"A soldier for endurance," said GAYDON.

"A boy for eagerness," cried WOGAN.

"So they keep saying," said she; "but they will not tell me one single exploit that stamps him King."

WOGAN, if he had not much imagination, was a man of resource. He replied at once.

"Then I will," and he told her of an imaginary night attack upon an imaginary town in Scotland. The story was a little vague until it reached a point where the King, rushing into the street, found himself confronted with five grenadiers. Then the details became distinct.

"He was unarmed," said WOGAN. "He drew back into the shadow of the wall, but one of the five flashed a firebrand in his face. "By Heaven!" he cried, "CHARLES——" and here Mr. WOGAN stuttered and resumed. "By Heaven, CHARLES," he cried to the man in front of him, "here 's the King." But before CHARLES could turn, the King threw his chain in a loop over the man's head and jerked it tight."

"What chain?" asked the Princess, breathlessly.

"What chain?" echoed WOGAN. "What chain? Why, to be sure, the chain about his neck. The grenadier dropped on the ground. The four who were left turned with one cry, 'The King.' But the King was now armed with the fifth man's musket. He broke through the group, climbed the wall——"

"What wall?" asked the Princess.

"The wall of a garden across the street. Behind the garden there was a door, inside the door a staircase, above the staircase a roof, where for hours he played the strangest game of hide-and-seek among the chimneys until his own men rallied and won back the town and him."

Here CHARLES WOGAN drew a sigh of relief and mopped his forehead, while the girl sat with her hands clasped upon her lap and her eyes looking down towards Italy.

"And what help can I give to such a man?" she said.

"The strengthening presence of a woman," answered WOGAN, in all earnestness. "The magic stone—let a man hold it in his hand, and the dull world blossoms into fairyland;" at which the Princess looked at him with a smile.

"Does she love you?" she asked.

"Madam, you mistake," spluttered WOGAN.

"Do I?" said she, and she added softly, "Could I hear the King speak thus of me, I should not doubt he loved me;" and the words sent WOGAN again to watch for the pursuit.

The next day the carriage reached Brixen, which it left towards nightfall, and five miles beyond Brixen an awful thing happened to Mr. WOGAN. For then the axle broke, the carriage lurched over on its side. WOGAN sprang out in the dark and lifted the Princess in his arms. She set her hand upon his shoulder to steady herself, and he felt her touch tingle through his blood. Then with the tenderest care he set her down knee-deep in a puddle of water.

"This is the second time," said she, shivering; but when the axle-tree was bound up with cord and the carriage was again rolling towards Italy, she looked at him with a new and kindly thoughtfulness; and it was noticeable, though WOGAN was not in the mood to notice it, that she no longer bantered him about his love affairs.

Two miles beyond, WOGAN, who had been looking persistently from the window, cried out:

"See! there is Alla. Those are the last lights in the Emperor's territories. Beyond those lights is Italy," and as he spoke, the cord which spliced the axle snapped.

They stood in the roadway looking down at the lamps twinkling in the valley. The night had cleared; a star-sown sky overhung them.

"Let us walk," said the Princess. "This one last mile frightens me more than all the rest. Let us walk in silence down to Italy."

They crept through the little village, and crossed the border. Three days later, in the early morning, the cavalcade drew up before the Pilgrim Inn at Bologna.

(Continued in our next.)